

You're not the only one

by Kitty Johns

Category: Halo

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-10-20 02:06:05

Updated: 2006-01-22 22:29:07

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:27:02

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,414

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The Spartans aren't exactly picture perfect teens. They have their problems too, and not all of it is just tests and missions.

## 1. Chapter 1

Little teeny thing I wrote who knows how long ago. Sorta&#8226;romance, kinda. I haven't stuck this through my editor, so I'm not sure how it turned out. I'm sorry if I missed something, I edited it to the best of my ability.

\* \* \*

>And about my other stories. My computer died. Yet again. It ate all the new stuff I've been working on for my other stories, I'm terribly sorry.<p><p>

John looked up. Linda crouched over the warthog with Sam. She was wearing cutoff fatigues and a tank top. She glanced up and nodded, looking back down. John blushed. It seemed so awkward. It wasn't right&#8226;The doctor had said that the ever-so recent augmentations ad an affect that greatly lowered sex drive, not heightened it. He could hardly tell. It felt real awkward, honestly, but he didn't really want to talk to somebody about it. Maybe he might force himself to talk to Sam or Fred. They might know what to do.

He came back to his senses and saw Linda walking up to him, her blood red hair and her lean body covered in sweat and grime. He couldn't help letting his bright eyes roam over her&#8226;it was hard to keep from getting up and standing in front of her, running his fingers through her hair.

Linda looked at John. She was trying not to look at his handsome body. It seems that he had just finished something in the gym&#8226;he stood and his muscles involuntarily tightened, his fist clenched. She smiled slightly and winked. She shouldn't. How could she? Without

thinking on it or even realizing it, there was a little more swing in her hips. She licked her lips. She couldn't.

Sam looked over and saw the fear and want in John's face. He'd known this guy since the first day of training. Sam knewâ€¦he knew exactly what he was thinkingâ€¦but his girl was taken. He stood up and drew on his full height. "John, can I talk to you a bit?" Sam asked. "Need your advice."

John quietly exhaled as he brushed shoulders with Linda, and she pulled her full lips together, licking them again and walking away. She felt so helpless. As soon as she walked out of the door, she broke into a run back to the barracks. She needed help with this.

"John, what's your deal?" Sam asked quietly, looking at him worriedly. He and John sat down, leaning on the warthog. "What's wrong?"

John took a deep breath. "Doctor Halsey was incredibly wrong. She said that this would lower our sex driveâ€¦and it heightened it."

"God, don't I know it," Sam whispered. "You're not the only one." John glanced at his friend and put his head in his hands "We'll pull through this, okay?"

John looked out the open hangar door at the woman, sprinting off into the distance. "I doubt that."

\* \* \*

>Okay. Thoughts on this? Feel free to flame for bad grammar and typing and all that.<p><p>

STUNTZ

## 2. Chapter 2

Terribly sorry. I forgot to stick in the last chapter that this was a oneshot, but hell, since so many like it, i decided that i might as well post this. A friend of mine wanted me to explain why Linda's so quiet and withdrawn and why Fred is obsessed with knives. Oh well...hey, don't blame me. These are just some really troubled teens going through tough times. It's not like they go to mom and dad to ask questions and pray forgiveness, or something of the like. You understand...right?

Enjoy.

\* \* \*

>Linda took out her sopping wet ponytail and looked at her reflection in the mirror. Her mind was blank as she felt the weight of everything press down on her harshly. This was rage, anger, grief. Her mind had become numb to everything around herself, just because of that slow instant when their shoulders touched. She turned and walked into the open shower in the unoccupied locker room, throwing her clothes onto the bench, then taking off her sweat covered attire.

It had been too hot outside. It was the middle of summer and all the way too warm for sensible people running around. Then again the Spartans weren't of the category of "sensible people". The rest of the marines were sitting in their bunks and playing cards. Poor guys.<p><p>

She closed her eyes and turned on the water, jumping as the briskly cold water hit her bare skin with a sudden pierce of ice. It woke her muscles from the drawn haze of heat for a moment, then they slowly tightened beyond her voluntary use. She continued to stand there, her red hair falling over her face in silence. Her lean body was turning pale and her lips were turning deep red, slightly violet. This was what she needed, even though she couldn't think consciously now. Her knees buckled and she fell backwards, holding herself up by sticking out her hand to the wall and lowering herself to the ground, the tile below her even colder than the liquid that splashed across her trembling muscles. She groaned softly, without a care anymore.

Without thinking, she reached her arm around to her wad of clothes, pulling out the matte black knife. She really didn't know what she was doing. Not thinking, Linda felt the knife slip and fall with a soft clink to the tile, then picked it up and put it to the skin on her leg. She blankly felt the blood drip down her leg and she moaned in silence, not hearing the footsteps coming down the hall into the Spartan's showers.

Fred took a deep breath and tensed. The air from the occupied shower behind him was extremely cold. It wasn't a nice cold shower but it was freezing water. And along with the icy mist, there came the faint though distinct smell of blood. He didn't know that there was someone else.

Linda smiled as the red liquid started to go down the drain. She felt herself loosing consciousness, and just let her mind float on the cloud that this amazing feeling had given her. She smiled, but heard someone gasp. Her eyes closed and she slipped into oblivion.

Fred heard Linda's echo exhale. It was her? His eyes saddened and he opened up the shower door, taking no time to stare at his sister in sorrow, but wrapping her in the thick black towel as soon as he turned off the water. He gently rubbed her skin dry and tried to warm her up. Her emerald eyes opened and she looked at him blearily as he wiped away the dried blood, holding her close. She looked down, ashamed.

Fred knew what she was thinking. "Don't feel bad about it," he whispered. She looked away and stood, dressing. Fred shook his head as he turned off the water, wringing out the sweat that had accumulated on it. He smiled at her sadly and put a hand on her shoulder as she tried to walk away, her clothes wadded in her arms. "Lin," he said. She turned, her angel face staring at him. He stooped over and gave her the knife, after rinsing it off. "You'll need this, ya know?" Linda looked back up at him, utterly confused as she took it and put it in its sheath. "I know how it feels. Just nowhere where anyone could see if they looked on an average day. I have to hide them from Kelly." He pulled down the waist of his pants just enough to show thick white scars and red scabs, his skin smeared with blood. He clapped a hand on her shoulder and walked away.

"You meanâ€|" she whispered softly as he walked out of the room. "You mean I'm not the only one who feels like this?" She smiled faintly and stared at her pale reflection in the mirror, suddenly realizing something. It was all John's fault.

\* \* \*

>So? What say you? I like it, honestly, and so does my friend. I'm just unsure if i should go deeper into the relationships things. Ya know? But oh well, i'll do it as i please. Dorry about the typos, my editor's been lazy lately and didn't send this back.<p><p>

TBC?

End  
file.